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McARTHUR, OHIO.**COAL.**
GET THE BESTI HAVE re-opened my coal bank, and am
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to suit purchasers. I will sell a cheap as
coal of the same quality can be obtained else-
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vited to call and examine my stock and pri-
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and manufacturing done to order, and all
Work Warranted as Represented.**HOMER C. JONES,**
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Jan. 1897**EDWIN N. BARNHILL,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW**NOTARY PUBLIC,**
Office—McArthur, Ohio.Will attend promptly to all business entrusted
to his care.**U. S. CLAYCOLE,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
McARTHUR, O.Will practice in Vinton and adjoining coun-
ties. Also, as solicitor in his own name, in
the courts of Ohio, Ohio County, and
West Virginia.**AMERICAN HOUSE,**
OPPOSITE R. R. DEPOT,
HAMDEN, OHIO.
G. F. CARTWRIGHT, Proprietor.
Livery Stables Attached.**MEALS READY FOR ALL TRAINS.**
This house has been re-furnished
throughout, with clean and comfortable
tables supplied with the best and most
abundant, and no pains spared to accommodate
guests.**J. C. COLEMAN, M. D.**
Has permanently located in**McARTHUR, O.**
or the practice of**MEDICIN and SURGERY.**
to which he will devote his entire attention.
OFFICE in Davis' Building up stairs, oppo-
site Vinton County Bank.
No. 100000J. W. SHARPE, Samuel W. HAYES, Jr.
[Established 1892]**SMART & KILVERT,**
SUCCESSORS TO DAVID SMART**Wholesale Grocers**
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.Prompt Attention given to the
Transfer of FUG IRON and
other Property from and to
Railroad and Canal.Water Street between Paint and Walnut
CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.
Mar. 11, 1897**ROBT. CLARK & CO.,**
PUBLISHERS WHOLESALE AND RETAILBooksellers, Stationers, Printers,
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BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS
entire inLaw, Medical, Theological, School,
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Catalogues furnished gratuitously on
application and any book sent by mail, post-
age paid on receipt of published price.**Central House.**
WORKMAN & HULLOCK, Proprietors.
N. High St bet'n Spring & Chestnut
COLUMBUS, O.

TERMS: \$1.50 PER DAY.

The above house is now handsomely fur-
nished, centrally located, convenient to the
depot, and the table supplied with the best
market affords. The proprietors invite
their friends in Vinton county to give them a
call.

Advertisements inserted at fair prices.

The Vinton Record.

VOL. 25---NO. 41.

MCARTHUR, OHIO, DECEMBER 24, 1874.

WHOLE NO. 1,289

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

The following beautiful poem, written by Mrs. Sophia P. Snow, is appropriate, as we are just entering upon the holiday time, and will doubtless bring to the remembrance of our readers the happy days when they were young, and make them to remember their little ones more kindly than heretofore.

'Twas the eve before Christmas;
"Good night" had been said.
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:
There were tears on their pillows,
And tears in their eyes,
And each little heart was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given.
That they should retire precisely at seven.Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before:
He had told them he thought this decision a sin.
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been.And he hoped after this, he should never more hear
How he scolded down chimneys
With presents each year,
And this was the reason the two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then.When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "dear Annie, is you fast asleep?""Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied,
"I have tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;For, some how it makes me sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus;Now we know there is, and it can't be denied
For he came every year before mamma died;But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say.And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year.""Well, why can't we pray just as mamma did then,
And ask him to send him with presents each year?""I've been thinking so too," And without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor.And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast."Now, Willie you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;You must wait just as still till I say the "Amen,"
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.""Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the gifts we are asking of thee;I want a wax dolly, a tea chest and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts up with a spring;Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie—Amen.""Please Jesus, let Santa Claus turn down, to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light.I want he should give me a nice little sled,
With bright shiny runners, and all painted red;A box full of tandy, a book and a toy;
Amen, and then Jesus I'll be a good boy."Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep
And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep.Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;He seems now to hear Annie's half-sleeping sighs,
And to see the big tears in Willie's blue eyes."I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed;But then I was troubled—my feeling found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the three—asked for kiss."

But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,

For I never spoke harsh to my children before."

So saying he, softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears."Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh.""I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."They he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off his velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out on the street,
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet;Nor stopped until he had bought everything,
From the box of candy to the tin of gold ring;Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score.Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed;Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;A work-box well filled in the center was laid
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed.A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
With bright shining runners all painted red.There were balls, dogs and horses' looks, pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid.And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year."I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!Hereafter, I'll make it a rule I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."So thinking, he gently extinguished the light
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied;Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for, were all of them found.They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see.What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night,
(Just the things they had wanted) and all left before light."And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe me there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;And told in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!"Then we dot up and payed dust as well as we could,
And God answered our prayers, now wasn't he good?""I should say that he was. If he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please."(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf.
"T'would be cruel to tell him I did it myself."Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?'Twas the being who bade you steal softly up stairs
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.**THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER.**
BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was late in the afternoon before Christmas, a bright, frosty day, and Lucy Gratton, taking her usual brisk walk, was attracted by a little girl, who stood wistfully regarding some hot-house flowers in a

florist's window. The child was neatly, but poorly clad.

Her hands were clasped, her lips half pasted in admiration, her eyes riveted on a superb cloth of gold rose.

"Was anything ever so beautiful?" Lucy heard her say, under her breath.

"Would you like it, my dear?" asked Lucy; for though rich, beautiful, and flattered, prosperity had not spoiled her heroine; she still had a heart.

"Oh, so much!" replied the child, looking round to the speaker, and finding assurance in the soft, kind eyes.

"But, it was not of myself I was thinking," she added, with a blush, "it was of my brother. He is hump-backed, you know, and sick in bed, and oh, he loves flowers so."

The earnestness of the girl brought the moisture to Lucy's eyes. "Wait, my dear," she cried; and going in, she brought the rose. "Give that to your brother as a Christmas gift," she said; "and now tell me where you live; to-morrow I'll come and see you; and perhaps, with a smile, 'I'll bring more flowers.'"

"Oh! thank you so much." And then she told Lucy where to come; and as her heroine, with a nod and another of her sweet smiles, passed on the child looked after her as if she had seen an angel.

Hugh Willoughby had been unnoticed, a spectator of this scene.

"Who can she be?" he said to himself, watching the graceful figure going down the street. "I've been in Europe so long that I know nobody. But I'll follow the child, and ask her where she and her brother lives. I may be able to help them."

He sincerely meant to help them, but in his secret heart there lurked a hope that he might, sometime, meet this sweet almoner at the bedside of the deformed boy.

Meantime the girl hurried homeward, and bursting into the attic, where the poor invalid lay, held up her rose in exultation.

"Oh, Mamma!" cried her brother, feebly, "where did you get it? Such a beautiful. Do let me touch it."

"It is yours all yours, Harry. And a beautiful lady gave it to me, and said she would come to see you to-morrow." And then she told the whole story, breathless with enthusiasm.

Harry took the rose in his thin, wasted hands. "I thought it was only in heaven that such flowers could grow," he said. "Oh! maybe the beautiful lady was one of God's angels. They used to come on earth, in the Bible times; and why not now? Perhaps He sent her to let me know how bright it was up there, with trees, and grass, and living waters, and no night, no pain, no hunger. When my back hurts me, I wonder if God thinks it wicked, that I want to go to Him? I'll not be hump-backed in heaven—will I mother?"

Christmas morning broke bright and beautiful. The church bells rang out their glad chimes. Happy people, in hundreds, went trooping up the street. But Harry, in his narrow attic, was racked with pain. A great change had come over his face; it had a pinched, gray look; and his sister glanced anxiously, first at it, and then at her mother.

The poor little fellow asked to have the rose, which had been put in a broken tumbler, with some water, placed beside him.

"It is beginning to fade, but I don't seem to suffer so much, when I can see it," he said.

And he murmured, as if to himself, "We all do fade as the leaf."

His mother was vainly struggling to keep back her tears when there was a knock at the door, and Lucy appeared, bringing a whole handful of the loveliest hot house flowers.

"Oh, how beautiful how beautiful!" cried the little sufferer, stretching out his wan, wasted hands. "And you say they are all for me," for Lucy, having first spoken to his mother, and then to his sister, had come to his bedside.

"I never saw anything, I never believed there could be anything as pretty as these white flowers! they are so pure they make me think of the angels, the angels in their shining robes."

"They are lilies, dear." She could hardly speak steadily. "I thought you would like them."

He took them in his hands and smelt of their fragrance. "Oh! so much. I know now; angels always carried them. You are an angel, and God has sent you to bring me home to Him," he said, looking up at her earnestly.

"Oh! my child, my child," cried the distracted mother, "don't talk so. You can't mean it. You will outlive us all." Trying to keep down her fears.

He smiled faintly, and put out his other hand. "Kiss me, mother," he said, faintly. "Don't cry."

Just then the chimes of a neighboring church began to ring. The silver sounds rose and died, and died and rose again, till the whole air quivered, as if with celestial music.

"I hear them singing—the harps of gold," his face glowed, his eyes were fixed above—

"Oh! the walls, the walls all shining—"

His weak voice stopped. There was a sob. The flowers fell from his hand. The trail form sank back.

"Oh! my God, he is dying," shrieked the mother, clasping him, in wild despair, in her arms. "Will no one run for a doctor?"

Lucy was turning to go, though she saw it was hopeless, and knew not where to seek for a physician, when the door opened, and two strangers entered. One was Hugh Willoughby, who came forward, eagerly, saying,

"I heard you ask for a doctor. My friend here is one. I told you, nodding to the little girl, 'I was coming to see you, and we are just in time.'"

But his companion, who had already advanced to the bed, shook his head, as he gazed on the calm, still face. "He is where no earthly physician can avail him; but—happier, happier, far," he said, addressing the mother, tears in his voice, "than he was here, or any of us can be till we follow him. The Lord hath given," for this great practitioner was a devout Christian, "and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

As he spoke, the neighboring chimes, as if to confirm his words, rose in a triumphant burst, and then were hushed.

The meeting, at that bed of death, was not the last one between Hugh Willoughby and Lucy Gratton. They attended together the simple funeral, assisted afterward to advance the fortunes of the bereaved mother, and joined in sending the sister to school. They met, too, at other similar scenes, and in time contracted an affection, which ended in the happiest of marriages. There was that rare thing, "a union of true souls."

One day, years after, Lucy heard, for the first time, the true explanation of her husband's visit to the dying cripple, which, up to that moment,

she had always thought a chance one.

"I went there hoping to meet you. I loved you from the first moment I saw you give the rose to little Mav," he said, in concluding. "I thought of the holy words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto Me.'"

"But it was such a trifle," whispered Lucy, brokenly, with her head on his shoulder, and the tears rising to her eyes, "such a trifle."

"The Kingdom of Heaven is made up of trifles," was the low, reverent answer. "It is not always a cup of cold water, my dear; a simple flower will do as well."

The Crusades.
No sooner was Henry II laid in his grave than Richard of England and Phillip of France remembered the vow which had been taken under the old elm tree, and agreed to leave their own kingdoms and go as brothers in arms, to the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher.

On the 8th of June, in the year 1191, after a great variety of adventures, the fleet of Richard entered the Bay of Acre, amid the sound of martial music and the rejoicing shouts of the Christian army. The latter stood greatly in need of aid. The French had reached Acre before the arrival of the English. In four days after Richard, Cœur de Lion had anchored in the bay, the town of Acre surrendered to his valor, and the army of Saladin was scattered.

The lion-hearted Richard won many a bloody field in the land of the infidel. So great became the terror of this prince's name, that mothers used it to frighten their children; and long years after Cœur de Lion had left the shores of Palestine, it a horse started, his Syrian rider would exclaim: "Dost think Richard is in that bush?"

Near Ascalon, in the battle of Azotus, Richard performed wondrous deeds of valor, and the conquered Saladin mourned the loss of seven thousand brave soldiers. Richard recovered Jaffa, the Joppa of the Bible, and rebuilt Ascalon, working on its walls with his own hands. All along the coasts of Palestine, from Gaza to Acre he established strong posts. He had many personal encounters with the Saracens, and the strength of arm with which he dealt the blows of his heavy battle ax excited the wondering admiration of both friend and foe.

Saladin was worthy of this crusading king. They fought fiercely in battle with each other, but are said to have been mutually courteous during the seasons of peace. When Richard was ill, Saladin sent him the cooling snows of Lebanon, with presents of damson plums and other delicious fruits from the vale of Damascus.

Cœur de Lion never entered Jerusalem. Led to a neighboring height whence he might look down upon the Holy City, he is said to have raised his shield before his eyes, claiming that he was unworthy to look down upon the sacred spot which he had been unable to redeem. Deserted by the French king, and delayed or thwarted in his plans Richard, before he had fulfilled the desire of his heart, and rescued the Holy Sepulcher from the hand of the infidel, was recalled to his own kingdom.—English History.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has begun preparations for turning out its own railroad iron, and for this purpose has just completed the construction of a mill at Lamar, W. T.

Terrible Death.
William Oresger, an estimable citizen of this place, came to his death in a shocking manner on Monday last. At the time of his death he was employed by Swayer and Hurdle, butchers of this city. On Monday morning last he repaired to their slaughterhouse in company with William Rodgers to dress some hogs for market. He had taken hold of the ears of a hog to assist in putting it into the scalding trough. The ears being bloody his hands slipped and staggering backward, he fell into the kettle and was completely covered from the thighs up. The horrible pang of suffering which this produced can better be imagined than words can explain. In trying to save his life he placed his hands upon the bottom of the kettle to raise his head above the water, which was the means of increasing his suffering. No sooner had they touched the hot iron than the leaders were contracted and drawn up by the heat and the flesh burnt and crisped to the bone. Rodgers being on the opposite of the bench, immediately sprang to his rescue. Poor Billy, in his struggles with death, eagerly grasped him by the leg, exerting all his remaining strength to extricate himself, which almost drew Rodgers into the kettle also. Rodgers seized him by the coat collar, pulled him out and set him upon the bench. At his request four or five buckets of cold water were thrown upon him, and an attempt was made to remove his clothes, but the heat from his inner garments was so great that his boots only were removed. Almost beside himself, his sufferings were so great, he started home barefooted, wading the creek. Upon removing his clothes the flesh in many places came off. Dr. Thompson was immediately summoned, stimulants were administered and about three o'clock a feeble pulse was raised. In this condition he remained until about seven o'clock, when death relieved him. The deceased leaves a wife and one child.

If those persons who profess to believe that newspaper advertisements are not read by the public wish to be convinced of their error just let them give publicity to some matter they would not care to divulge to the world even in the most obscure corner of a country paper, and see what notoriously they would soon attain.

The Xenia Torchlight reports the case of a tramp who demanded food of a girl at a farm house. She brought him bread and pie. He threw them on the ground, drew a pistol and demanded meat and coffee. She brought him meat in the shape of a ferocious bull dog. The tramp hurried away to get his coffee elsewhere.

Wind mills are at work in the Scioto Valley. One kind is pumping stock water while another description is laboring for a narrow gauge railway.

After all Missouri will have a Constitutional Convention. The majority for the Convention is 283.

The meanest man in the world is the fellow who knows where Charley Ross is and will not tell.

If you want to feel warts all through give some poor family the means to keep warm.

Texas has a town called Lovelady. Old maids are inquiring about the climate there.

An act of great politeness—Polishing a stove.

ADVERTISING TERMS.
One square, first insertion \$1.00
Each additional insertion .50
Cards, per year 10.00
Local notices, per line, 15
Yearly advertisements \$100.00
columns, and at proportionate rate per less space. Payable in advance.

The Record being the official paper of the town, and having the largest circulation of any paper in the county, offers superior inducements to advertisers.

Circulation Record.

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